# The Commonweal

## A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts and Public Affairs



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# HEROES ARE PLENTIFUL

MUSSOLINI'S decision to proceed in spite of everything with the war on Ethiopia is hardly as remarkable as the address delivered to a regiment of volunteers headed for the scene. It would seem that battles alone can satisfy the new ardor for action, as this is described by Il Duce; and of course there is plenty of corroborative evidence for the same point. "Do they expect millions of us to sit quietly on a little bit of German ground?" asked a strapping Nazi contemptuously, pointing at the map. "The German people are living in a dream," writes Stefan Lorant in "I Was Hitler's Prisoner." Indeed, signs are not wanting that a similar restlessness and activism is spreading throughout the United States. We believe the spirit thus described may well be termed "the new Romanticism," and looked upon as the mood which history will later declare to have characterized the outlook of the second twenty years of the twentieth century.

Just as the news is rich in tales of private tragedy which recall the melodramatic primitivism of Othello, so are social happenings weirdly like the histories of Macbeth and Lear. Problems of the state are settled with the dagger; arguments about the "everlasting whys and wherefores" are fought out with clubs and revolvers. Shakespeare is all around us—day in and day out. Perhaps the most striking single fact is the likelihood that Adolf Hitler's anti-Semitism may be traceable to veneration of the Wagnerian drama.

To certain sections of the German population just before the war, "Tristan" and the "Ring" were more than just several operas. Here was presented a poetic evocation of heathen myth which satisfied the imaginations of many who had picked up a number of Nietzschean ideas which they were unable to assimilate properly. Nietzsche's advocacy of a cultural aristocracy was in essence a vehement defense of individ-


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ualism against the supine endorsement of the herd instinct which was then beginning to sweep across Europe. It was, if you like, a madman's version of the doctrine which Matthew Arnold preached with restraint and dignity to the "philistines" of England. The superman was, after all, merely an individualist who felt that his only chance to survive lay in ordering a grandiose massacre . . . or an equally impressive education.

But Nietzsche mistakenly blamed the herd instinct—the trend to rely upon the State rather than upon oneself—to Christianity. He could not see that the charity of the New Testament is a matter not of weakness but of giving out of superabundance. And so all he could do was to hope desperately for a new and harder Stoicism. Consequently, when the young romanticists of whom we have been speaking adopted a nationalistic-aristocratic formula of conduct, they found what they wanted ready to hand in Wagner. Here, too, was a repudiation of the humanitarian in favor of the heroic; a hankering after Stoicism, however sentimentalized; and a preference for pagan myths which embodied what has been termed a "walloping morality." But, above all, the Wagnerian revival of old gods and heroes was served to the accompaniment of intoxicating music having for its theme sex indulgence (the inescapable Cosima) wreathed in the thick incense of Walhalla. This incense is, in all probability, the chief clue to Hitler's anti-Semitic monomania. Elsa and Lohengrin, Tristan and Isolde! How can the Semitic tradition—or, as a matter of fact, the Christian tradition—ever be made to fit into their heroic universe! Must not the romantic abjure strange gods?

For it is now obvious that the irresistible tides of modern nationalistic Romanticism have moved in on us in two waves. The first was incidental to a time of discontent with rationalized reality and imposed convention, bringing relief to youth's poetic nostalgia in the form of visions out of the past—the literature of medieval singers, the glory of ancient cathedrals, the monastic peace of the Catholic faith. The second wave, contemporary with ourselves, has carried the visionary mind farther back, into a legendary racial past. Romulus and Remus are the twin symbols of Fascism; interest in the pagan Druids has gained a foothold even in Catholic Ireland; and the Germany of Hitler is rooted in the Eddas and the imagined customs of the Teutoburg forest. A century back, it was Barbarossa who kindled minds and hearts; today it is Arminius, walking between Wotan and Siegfried. The spell of the forest has replaced the glory of castle and cathedral.

And the hero? Whereas older militarists thought hard-headedly of the army as a weapon with which to achieve the national destiny—the place in the sun—the newer nationalists regard it as the normal form of human life. The prosaic, problematical freedom of modern existence, which seems to culminate naturally in the establishment of doles and relief agencies for those who cannot fend for themselves, is to be supplanted by an order of obedience under which those who can do something are assigned tasks while those who cannot perish. Initiative (the unpredictable virtue upon which capitalistic society has so perilously depended) must, it is said, give way to leadership. Well, one can grant that the leadership has come, in the most primitive possible form. It possesses full power over life and death. Resistance to it is mutiny; difference with it is ostracism. Romulus is a warrior. And he is on the march through Africa. Arminius is a tribesman. And he has cast out the Jews. To understand the ultimate spiritual meaning of all this, one need only remember that Christ is the Prince of Peace—and that He was a Jew.

# Week by Week

**The Trend of Events**

CONGRESS had before it a great mass of controversial legislation as the way to the Capitol grew hotter. The Wagner labor bill had been duly signed and tucked into the proper folder, against the day when attacks on it are due in court and outside. Senator Glass had engineered the banking bill through long Senate committee meetings, and the resultant measure was generally considered a great improvement on the original Eccles draft. Up for debate were two significant and complicated measures—the President's new tax schedule, revised to include heavier levies on incomes above $50,000, and the Guffey coal bill. The last elicited from the President a special and highly interesting letter, urging enactment in spite of the fact that the Supreme Court might well rule the bill unconstitutional. It was believed that the administration desired to emphasize the limitations under which the federal government must now operate, and that a plank advocating a grant of further powers through amendment of the Constitution would be found in the 1936 Democratic platform. Taken by and large, the industrial outlook was good. Practically none of the relief projects is as yet under way; but contracts are being signed and the chances are that government buying will begin to show an effect before autumn. In a press conference manifestly designed to avoid the topic of utilities, on which the President failed to get what he wanted, a long list of authorized undertakings was read. Agricultural disasters were reported from many quarters, the result of floods and pests.

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RELIGIOUS are under fire in Germany for violation of the laws regulating foreign exchange, and we have commented on the matter previously. It now appears that Catholics generally seem little inclined to sympathize with the offending persons, beyond insisting that there were mitigating circumstances which the government failed to take into account. *Der junge Front,* now the most widely circulated as it is the most courageous Catholic paper in Germany, devotes a long article to the subject advocating that effort be made to cure what is a moral illness. Let the German bishops, writes the editor, appoint a commission "entrusted with carrying out a conscientious investigation of the business methods of all monasteries and similar institutions." The members ought to be persons "who know that the conduct of ecclesiastical communities must be undertaken in the spirit of the Church, and must be judged first of all by the standards of Christian moral law." Their powers "could not be broad enough, for the importance of the issue at stake is great—as the laity, unfortunately, often must find out in most disagreeable ways." The editor concludes thus: "We are anxious that the disease which has been found in the Church in Germany turn out to its advantage once it has been dealt with. We love this Church more than we do life, and we also believe that our religious orders have no other desire than to serve the Church with every means at their disposal." It seemed evident at the close of June that some measures would be taken by the bishops, though not everything suggested by the writer quoted above would be done. The statement officially given by Cardinal Bertram indicates that when the accused have stood civil trial, the Church may institute canonical proceedings. Naturally a host of Nazi orators have turned their guns on this "scandal," which is held to reveal the Church as a whole "in its true light."

Germany and the Religious Orders

NEWS from Moscow relates that the Communist International, whose particular business it is to foster and aid class war in capitalist countries, seems to be remarkably quiescent. The original plan was that the borers from within in capitalistic countries would aid the Russian Soviet behind the lines in case of any conflict between Russia and other nations. During the first half of this year, it had been planned that a much-postponed congress of the International should take place in Moscow. The fact is, there has been no congress and apparently there is nothing official forward to make up for the delay. The big generality of a world-wide dictatorship of the proletariat seems to be breaking up before the real politics that Russia as one of the family of nations, who like members of almost any family are prone to have bitter differences of opinion at times, is threatened on both her eastern and western borders. Both of these threats can to a degree be traced directly to internal political reactions against the very idea of the International. The fear of civil wars inspired by the Bolsheviki has driven nations to counter with military oligarchies which, laying for a time at least the fear at home, then became military threats to the instigators of the fear. So Stalinism, which believes that a Socialist country can be successfully maintained in a world not all Socialist, is reported to be replacing the Trotzky philosophy that Socialism has to be all or nothing. This development parallels, of course, the developments with regard to democracy following our own and the French revolutions. As an alternative to class war, we may see the gradual growth of cooperation, though it would not be realistic to expect this to be any more 100 percent and automatic than has been the outcome of the dream of the International.

World-wide Civil War

FIFTEEN years ago, Mr. Nicholas Gonner, of Dubuque, Iowa, began to issue a Catholic daily. On July 1 the paper celebrated, being the recipient of numerous letters of congratulation from prominent leaders in religious and civil life. It deserves all the praise it can get. The *Catholic Daily Tribune* is, to be sure, no metropolitan daily of the format to which citizens of Boston and Philadelphia, for example, are accustomed. No doubt the average Easterner is inclined to raise his eyebrows a bit when told that this is daily journalism; and from most points of view the said Easterner is wrong. You cannot publish in Dubuque a better paper than the community can support, but you can put out as good a one as the circumstances permit. We know from experience that many readers in the district are completely satisfied, and that if the *Tribune* folded up they would miss not only its news dispatches but its religious significance in their lives. In short, while the too, too self-satisfied Catholic East was watching throngs of its parishioners buy the tabs on their way home from Sunday Mass, the plain and practical Middle West did something about it. We do not wish to broach here the extremely difficult question of Catholic daily journalism. It is not a venture to be entered upon lightly; and certainly not every city is prepared to undertake it. Still the fact remains that a great deal of good would have failed to get done if the *Catholic Daily Tribune* had not been created. Such a fact, to which thousands will testify, is a stubborn and instructive thing.

Our Compliments

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IT IS with genuine regret that we chronicle the death, on July 5, of the Reverend Selden P. Delany. During nearly fifteen years, he was associated with the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, in New York, which he helped make a stronghold of the High Church movement in the United States. He was naturally a Catholic soul who enkindled light and goodness in the hearts of those he then served. During 1930, Dr. Delany suddenly announced that he was about to follow the path of Newman—the road down which so many have gone, each in his own way, to Rome. THE COMMONWEAL was privileged at the time to publish the article in which the reasoning that had guided this new convert was set forth. Shortly afterward, he left for the Eternal City, there to prepare himself for the priesthood. But after his ordination and return to this country, ill health doggedly pursued him. Only a short time was granted for the work in the vineyard to which he had looked forward eagerly. Many will long remember him kindly. He was a witness to the fact that religious earnestness and the quest for holiness are deeply rooted in the American character; and besides that he was a splendidly gifted and unusually lovable man. Not long ago, he wrote, speaking of the quandaries in which the individual of today finds himself: "He can throw himself with all his heart and soul and mind into the cause of the Catholic Church. Thereby his puny strength will be multiplied a thousandfold. . . . He is linking his inconsequential efforts as an individual with the almighty power of God." To have earned the right to hold that conviction was the purpose of his life.

A Notable Convert

NO EVENT in sport is any the worse for an infusion of personal drama; and the most interesting current sporting event, the triumph of Mrs. Moody over Miss Jacobs at Wimbledon, thereby attains a high level of "color" value. By becoming Wimbledon champion for the seventh time, Mrs. Moody attains summits even beyond those scaled by the dazzling Suzanne Lenglen. But that is only part of the story—curiously enough, the lesser part. The victory is seen by the public not so much against the background of Mrs. Moody's long career of victory, as in contrast to recent, less favorable events. A few years ago, when the rising challenge of Miss Helen Jacobs, a fine, sporting and determined player, began to make itself felt, many predicted that Mrs. Moody's long reign was at last due for eclipse. Two years ago, Mrs. Moody defaulted the national title to her rival, and the circumstance that she was trailing Miss Jacobs at the moment of default, evoked a great deal of outspoken criticism of her courage and sportsmanship, despite her doctor's plain declaration that a back injury prevented her continuing the game. She has been out of competitive play for almost the whole of this interval; and hence her contest with Miss Jacobs at Wimbledon may literally be looked upon as an effort at a double comeback. It was so understood, evidently, by the crowd that breathlessly watched the two-hour battle—the largest assembly ever gathered there. It came off in fine story-book style—a rally, from a state of obvious fatigue, on the very edge of defeat; so remarkable a performance, indeed, that even Miss Jacobs (who has been worse treated by fate throughout than any other player we can think of) must have felt an impersonal thrill. It is likely that their native land will profit by the continuation of the dramatic opposition between these, the two ranking women players of the world, and that they will meet in Forest Hills this fall for the national title. That will be a battle!

Little Poker-face Rediviva

IT IS a curious fact that as soon as the newspapers begin to feature on their front pages the rise of the mercury, all sorts of animal stories crop out in special abundance on their other pages. A member of the Joe Miller school of quips might be able to work out some connection between dog days and dog stories—we leave that aspect of it severely alone; the more so as these are also duck, lion and horse stories. But we do set it down that, just at this moment, when summer heat has authentically and unequivocally arrived in the headlines, a whole zoo begins to be in evidence in less conspicuous places, but under much brisker captions. Thus, a duck in London has deliberately and with malice prepense drowned a predatory rat; whereas, on this side of the Atlantic, a rat has been found that will take on and dispatch rattlesnakes, bull lizards and chuckawallas. A man in Georgia was simultaneously attacked by a bee, a snake and a dog; but a woman in Canada, injured in a fall, was rolled out into the highway for aid by her sagacious mount—nor does any note add that he was trained in Hollywood by Buck Jones or Tom Mix. A Texas cricket kills black widow spiders by a series of well-aimed kicks, and an Oklahoma cockroach has fought off two tarantulas and a centipede. Bluebirds nesting in the cannon of Fort George Wright, in Washington, have been put under official military protection. Sharks jump into dories and wound fishermen. Nor does all this take into account the bucolic accounts from Rockefeller Center about telling the bees, nor the difficulties of Ex-Governor Smith in getting b'ars and coons enough to stock his zoos.

With the Heat

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# DEBTS vs. PRIVATE OWNERSHIP

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

*That our economic structure, upon which the outlook for social improvement so largely depends, needs careful rebuilding is a truism. The difficulty is to get agreement on what the remedies ought to be, and to make changes which will not seriously disrupt business in a time of stress. We have been looking for such suggestions as are purely reasonable, rather than revolutionary. One of them is embodied by Mr. Skinner in two papers, of which this is the first, on the perils of indebtedness at fixed interest.—The Editors.*

THERE is a clear need to face the social implications involved in the existence of long-term corporate debt at fixed interest. It is commonly assumed that capitalism is entirely bound up with all the financial methods now used by capitalists. We are very apt to forget that the essential meaning of capitalism is ownership of land or goods or machinery used in the production of commodities for sale. Capitalism does not necessarily mean the ownership of claims on money loaned out at interest to others. The system of money lending at interest, particularly in the form of long-term bonds, is something which is really quite separate from the essential idea of capitalism implied in ownership. The bondholder is a creditor and not an owner of goods; he is not in partnership with the person or corporation to whom he has loaned money; he assumes none of the responsibilities of ownership. In fact, the owner of a claim on loaned money has at every stage of the economic cycle an interest diametrically opposed to that of the owner of land or goods. This is the fact we should face with brutal frankness.

To explain this fact, let me take a simple illustration. The man who borrows money to use in a productive business always has in mind the hope that the use of this money will earn him more in profits than he is required to pay in interest on the loan. That is where the so-called advantage of using "other people's money" comes in. If a man pays 5 percent interest for the use of someone else's money, but can make 10 percent profit on the use of that money, the borrowing becomes a profitable transaction for the borrower. He does not want to share his profits with a partner. To this extent, in prosperous times the interest of the borrower is opposed to that of the lender. In another period of the economic cycle, however, when the man who has borrowed money finds that he can earn less through the use of that money than the interest he has contracted to pay on the loan, he at once begins to complain about usury. He will tell you that the lender has no right to demand interest when it is not being earned. The lender on the other hand, with some possible show of justice, will point out that the borrower originally incurred his debt only because he could use other people's money to advantage and that he should not complain if the shoe is on the other foot for a brief period. The lender feels that in demanding the continued interest in hard times, he is merely making up for his lack of any share in the profits of good times. No matter which side of the argument we take, however, it remains certain that the interests of borrower and lender are opposed in bad times as well as in good.

But if this is true, what are we to think of a capitalist system which is actually divided against itself, with borrowers on one side and lenders on the other in constant opposition to each other's interests? Does not such a double system contain inherently the seeds of self-destruction? Is there any real difference between a capitalistic house divided against itself, and any other type of house in which there is inherent opposition and discord? These are not academic questions; they indicate a practical problem of enormous concern to every social group in the modern American system.

Let us take the farmer, as another concrete example. Farmers have always been inclined to borrow heavily during a period of rising prices for farm products. It is very profitable to borrow $1,000 when wheat is selling at $1 a bushel and to pay back the debt when wheat is selling at $2 a bushel. From the farmer's viewpoint, the original borrowing equaled 1,000 bushels of wheat which he is able to pay back by the proceeds of the sale of only 500 bushels. But the story is very different when the farmer borrows at a time of dollar wheat and must pay back the debt in fifty-cent wheat. Then, from his viewpoint, he has borrowed the equivalent of 1,000 bushels, but must pay back the debt with 2,000 bushels. And so it happens that in times of falling wheat prices, the farmer feels his debt as a crushing burden, forgets how it satisfied his greed for extra profits in the first instance, and ends by clamoring for some sort of monetary inflation that will enable him to satisfy his debt in cheap dollars. There would be little or no agrarian agitation for inflation today if it were not for the severe pressure of a fixed dollar debt against the farm owner. We can thus see that

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far beneath the conflict of monetary schools which constantly threatens to disrupt the actions and policies of Congress, there lies the inevitable clash of purpose between the owner of land or goods and the lender of money. It might be added by way of pepper to the economic stew that both borrower and lender, as a result of their conflicting interests, often come out poorer (though seldom wiser) as a result of their transaction. Even the holder of the farm mortgage has not been notoriously among the happiest of people during the last two or three years!

Another serious social consequence of the system of long-term debt is the exaggeration of every unemployment crisis in times of depression. When it becomes necessary for the owners of a business, such as a railroad, to lose their ownership and go into bankruptcy if they fail to meet fixed interest charges on bonded debt, the moral pressure becomes enormous to reduce operating costs beyond all reasonable limits in order to squeeze out the necessary gross profits to meet interest charges promptly. The New York Central Railroad, for example, must move heaven and earth each year to earn at least $62,000,000 over and above operating costs in order to meet fixed interest charges on its bonded debt. It is not a question of whether the stockholders (or owners) will get any dividends, but whether they will be able to retain the ownership of the railroad. Under this pressure, which is very different from the mere pressure of reduced or omitted dividends, the temptation to discharge all but the most essential employees becomes enormous.

This is true not only of railroads, but of all corporations which have a large bonded indebtedness outstanding. Contrary to much popular fancy, corporate owners are not entirely inhuman. There is a much clearer understanding today that maintenance of employment is an enlightened form of self-interest. But when it becomes a choice between discharging additional employees and losing the ownership of the company through foreclosure by the bondholders, there is no doubt of which decision corporate owners will make. It is impossible to estimate accurately the increase in unemployment due to the existence of bonded debt. Any percentage statement would be mere guesswork. But in all logic and common sense, there can be no doubt of the fact itself.

It would be bad enough if we could trace to the existence of long-term bonded debt nothing more than the presence in one country of two antagonistic groups working constantly at cross-purposes. That in itself would give us reason to doubt the permanent security of our social order and to anticipate the ultimate collapse of our modern dual capitalism: owners versus bondholders. But there is an added and grotesque element of confusion: the creation of a conflict of interest within groups and even in the position of individuals.

Take the plight, for example, of the savings bank depositor who is also a home owner and has given a mortgage on his home to his own savings bank. He is both borrower and lender. Through the bank he is lending his own deposit funds to himself; he is also paying interest to himself. The day may easily come (and has already come in the case of thousands of such persons) when he must choose between ownership of his home and ownership of his deposit and the interest on his deposit in his bank. If he wants to retain his home, he must allow the bank to pay his interest on the mortgage out of his deposit until that deposit is used up. If he wants to retain his deposit, he must permit himself (through the bank) to foreclose on his home. If it were not tragic, it would be absurd. Yet the whole root of this unhappy conflict lies in the existence side by side of the two forms of capitalism—owner versus lender.

This modern dilemma must give great joy to those who would like to see the system of private ownership entirely abolished. The sincere Communist could hardly do better than wait patiently until the modern dual capitalism breaks up of its own inner conflict. But if we really want to conserve the values of private ownership, then we must reexamine with the utmost candor the possibility of reestablishing the capitalist system on the basis not of owner versus bondholder, but of simple ownership in which all parties involved share in various degrees both the risks and the responsibilities of owners.

In the next article, I shall take up briefly just what would be involved in such a reorganization of the capitalist system and the advantages which it might offer in strengthening our entire economic structure.

## *Captain Wolf*

Captain Wolf, he says, sailed three times 'round the Horn
Long before I was born.
His eyes are dark and blue, and always seem to be
Looking out to sea.
His voice is deep, and rumbles, now he stays on shore,
As though it used to roar.
He likes to sit on the porch and cut out boats, and smoke,
And make a little joke.

The Captain goes
To church with Mrs. Wolf on Sunday;
And when she has done the wash, on Monday,
He puts out the line, and she
Ties the clothes-pin bag around his waist, and he
Puts his pipe in his mouth, and hangs out all the clothes.

LILIAN BURLEIGH MINER.

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# REDEEMING THE TIME

By SUMMERFIELD BALDWIN

THE GENIUS of Thomas Mann is not the least ominous of signs that makeshifts cannot be relied upon to restore work to the world. Mann, not the literary war-babies, belongs to the Lost Generation. That abused expression deserves a more careful study than it has received, and Dante, at the beginning of his "Comedy," suggests how such a study might begin. "Midway upon the road of our life, I found myself within a dark wood, for the right way had been missed." The date was Good Friday, 1300; and Dante was thirty-five years old. Few other years in western history can be considered so critical. The churchly order, which had governed Christendom for four centuries, was tottering. Dante's Florence reflected Europe's agony in a bitter, intestine struggle which resulted in the poet's exile.

Dante himself was at a no less critical stage. Human life, as has long been observed, falls into ten periods of about seven years each. Law and medicine take account of some of the crises separating these periods. Law recognizes an age of reason which begins at the seventh birthday, and a majority which begins at twenty-one. Medicine sets adolescence as beginning at fourteen, and senescence, at about forty-nine. Yet the middle climacteric, through which Dante was passing in 1300, may be, in the interpretation of genius, much more significant than these. Attention should be paid to the experiences of the man of genius two or three years this side or that of his thirty-fifth birthday. By their fifth climacteric, men have formed their permanent world picture. If, through external circumstance, the outer world is so violently changed as no longer to correspond to this inner world picture which has just reached perfection, the man of genius is driven into an intensified inwardness from which may emerge a peculiarly dramatic portrait of the artist as a middle-aged man. Because Dante lost his way at thirty-five, the "Divine Comedy" is the drama of the times of faith.

The test may be applied with illuminating results to others. Cervantes, in his thirty-sixth year, quitted the profession of arms, in the days of the betrayal of Spanish aristocracy by Philip II. All that was knightly in the idea of state is dramatized for us in the comedy of "Don Quixote." Milton was thirty-four when King Charles raised the standard at Nottingham, to earn thereby from Milton's party the name of traitor. "Paradise Lost" is the tragedy of that treason. Goethe, slow to mature, slow to die, was thirty-seven when he made his resolution to work out life in its totality, beauty, and goodness, to have done with youthful *Sturm und Drang*. By 1789, when he was forty, his "classical" eighteenth-century world picture was completed; but the eighteenth century began to dissolve with revolutionary violence. "Faust," the drama of eighteenth-century man, is the result.

Thomas Mann was born in 1875. At twenty-six he published "Buddenbrooks"; at thirty-eight, in 1913, "Death in Venice." The funereal spirit shrouds these early works, and the nineteenth century will some day be known as the Age of Funerals. Mann was the child of his age when he painted his world picture around the body's demise. For want of more significant events, deaths made time in those days, and funeral pomps were like the solemn striking of a clock. Portraying the death, in body and soul, at the Venetian necropolis, of Gustav von Aschenbach, Mann adjusted himself to a completed world-epoch. If any were inclined to doubt the validity of that cypress-shadowed picture, let him reflect on the funeral rites of Queen Victoria or King Edward VII, and ask himself if ever again in western civilization a woman or man can go quite so significantly to the grave. None recalls the rites of the murdered Archduke, Franz Ferdinand. A few weeks after it, death by bomb and gunshot had become so common that all meaning was stripped from the funeral of an archduke. Mann was thirty-nine; and his funereal world burned up in a scientific holocaust, a mass-production of corpses. His is the Lost Generation; and "The Magic Mountain" may very well bear to the nineteenth century a relation not unlike that borne by "Faust" to the eighteenth, by "Don Quixote" to the sixteenth. The comedy of Hans Castorp, asleep seven years in a consumption at Davos, is the comedy of journalistic man. From 1914, bodily death having been stripped of significance, funerals, or resonance, time stopped.

Our grandfathers considered death-notices the most readable part of their daily papers. Journalism, day-by-day-ism, as characteristic of the last past age as funeralism, is not unrelated to it. Both emerged from the loss suffered by nineteenth-century man of the historic sense. Europe, after the Revolution, was incapable of enduring any more great events, and raised a bulwark of newspapers against Bonaparte. Newspapers made wars, revolutions, political contests, stock-market fluctuations, crimes, finally athletics, so

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that one might have a reason for getting out of bed with each successive sunrise, yet rest assured that nothing really ever happened. The funereal spirit overhung all newspaper events. The funeral of the vanquished, whether in war, in baseball, or on the gallows, was the incessant theme. If Boers routed British, if the Giants routed the Athletics, one could continue to digest his breakfast, reflecting that this was "not his funeral."

All this ended in 1914. The war which then began was no newspaper war. It has proved to be everybody's funeral, the funeral to end funerals, because it murdered and buried Time. "The Magic Mountain" is Mann's macabre funeral monument of the dead age. What Mann has done, Proust might have done if he had been born a few years later. Proust was already in his seventh age, forty-three, when the war came. Not unlike Mann's hero, Hans Castorp, Proust escaped into asthma, and was still taking funerals seriously when he died, in 1922.

Time, we learn from Revelation, has eternity for its setting. The earthly paradise was a materialization of eternity, yet we have trouble in understanding how Eden could have been timeless. There were day and night; the sun rose and set; plants grew, and, notoriously, bore fruit. All these events have to do with motion and we reasonably enough associate motion and time. Therefore, we associate the timeless dead with non-motion or rest; and God, we say, having set His creation in motion, rested. Hence, as time seems the form of motion, eternity seems the form of rest. We arbitrarily oppose motion to rest, but in Eden before the Fall motion and rest were reconciled. Time, exhausting motion, began with the Fall. "Cursed is the earth in thy work; with labor and toil shalt thou eat thereof all the days of thy life. In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." Time is the form of motion, or, in human terms, the form of work. Time, we say, hangs heavy on the hands of the idle. The problem of unemployment is not how to distribute food to a workless people, but how to put that people to work. A workless people is a timeless people; but their timelessness has the eternity, not of the earthly paradise, but of hell upon earth.

With what avidity the out-of-work, as he sits on his park bench, or in his armchair at home, devours the newspapers! They are, for him, the last straw of time. The day, he discovers, though nothing to him who has no daily work, was something for the home team which lost the game, something for Wall Street where the market sagged. For journalism and unemployment are related historic phenomena. Technological unemployment progressed at equal pace with newspapers through the Funereal Age, cognate symptoms of the demise of time. The first "technologically" unemployed smashed the machines, merely treating one symptom of an incurable disease. Work had become unendurable as event had become unendurable. Machines were a refuge from work; newspapers were a refuge from event. Our people, today, do not want work; they want to be paid for passing "time" watching a machine which does not require watching. Investors, the builders of the machines, who need not even watch them in order to eat, seek relief in other pastimes, soap-sculpture, stamp-collecting, drinking. Not a few of all classes prefer the swift passage from life's timelessness to death's timelessness.

When Saint Paul visited Athens, "all the Athenians, and strangers that were there, employed themselves in nothing else, but either in telling or in hearing some new thing." Evidently what has at last befallen western time long ago befell classical time. Then, as now, worklessness and journalism ("some new thing") were the symptoms. In Ephesus, the situation was similar. Saint Paul's preaching threatened the one "work" by which the city prospered, the manufacture of silver images of Diana. The idle multitude rushed with one accord into the theatre, and demonstrated for two hours in favor of Diana, though the greater part knew not for what cause they were come together. It is in his letter to the Ephesians that the Apostle bids Christians "walk circumspectly, not as unwise but as wise, *redeeming the time,* because the days are evil." Days passed making silver images of a demoness were evil days. Such "work" could never buy back the eventful times of the classical world. The days were evil because they were workless days. Christians had work to do; Christians were to redeem the time. Time was once more to be pregnant with Events, begotten by Work.

Our multitudes, likewise bewitched, make the days evil for the sake of works scarcely less diabolic than that of the Ephesian silversmiths. We celebrate our national independence with fireworks imported from the Chinese devil cults; and the powder-makers raise a tumult at every suggestion that the firecracker cease to be the prime symbol of the heroic act of 1776. The solemn fast commemorative of the landfall of the Pilgrims has been transmuted into a gluttonous feast, symbolized by a turkey. At the instigation of the poulterers, the multitude would, with one accord, rush into the theatre, if Thanksgiving Day were turned into a fast again. Florists, mourning the overpast Funereal Age, reading the handwriting on the wall, "Kindly omit flowers," have encouraged us to adopt ancestor-worship, and seize upon one of the Sundays of the month which the Catholic Church has consecrated to the Divine Motherhood as a day for the idolization of earthly mothers, living and dead.

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So too with the days "that the Lord hath made." An obscure imp, a fire-demon with whiskers, symbolizes "that most holy day on which the spotless virginity of the Blessed Mary brought forth a Saviour to the world." The gifts which the Kings laid at the Infant's crib are commemorated by a spending orgy in which neckties, gewgaws and whisky serve for gold, frankincense and myrrh. Santa Claus is the Diana of department stores and distillers. Confectioners thrive beneath the egis of the Easter Bunny, a gross pagan fertility emblem, representing the holy Pasch. The Vigil of All Saints is celebrated as a Night of All Devils, and the makers of papier-maché pumpkins rejoice and are glad in it. Stationers, too, have their special cult for a Roman martyr, Saint Valentine.

More tragic, if less revolting, than these vulgar manifestations of the evil of the days, are the latest words to come from Thomas Mann, the dramatist of the Age of Funerals. Laying violent hands upon Scripture, he is expounding, in "Joseph and his Brothers," a theosophistic doctrine of time which predicates its eternity, and identifies the memory of man with the Mind of God. This is to prostitute time, not to redeem it.

"Redeeming the time, because the days are evil. Wherefore . . . be not drunk with wine, wherein is luxury; but be ye filled with the Holy Spirit, speaking to yourselves in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual canticles." There is little to choose between the evil of the days when Saint Paul was writing, and our own. Our task is not to attack symptoms. We must recognize that "conditions" cannot improve till the time is redeemed. If men, for lack of work, are losing time, their enforced timelessness is ill-occupied with such pastimes as reading newspapers, carving soap, collecting stamps or drinking. "Let nothing," says Saint Benedict, "be preferred to the work of God." The work to which he refers is the work to which Saint Paul refers: prayer. This, the work of God, is nothing else but the redemption of time.

From her beginnings, the Church has distributed the Psalms of David, the hymns and canticles of Fathers and prophets among the seven hours of the day, the three watches of the night, the seven days of the week which God made when He made the world, and the fifty-two weeks of the year. She daily commemorates the blood of the martyrs, the feasts of confessors and virgins by which each day has been hallowed. Now, as always, the Church redeems time by prayer. Let the peoples, timeless in a waste-land, learn from the Church once more the work of God. In proportion as they desist from trying to pass a time which is already past and gone, as they undertake to redeem time by this work, we may be confident that their hands will not long be left without other work to do, as also that God, the great Paymaster, will reward us each according to our works. The "unemployment problem" will be dissolved in the work of God; the calendar of the Church will mark time instead of the moribund newspaper press.

# CARE OF THE FEEBLE-MINDED

By THOMAS VERNER MOORE

MYRTLE was a nice little girl of thirteen. Her parents died, and she was turned over to a Catholic orphan asylum. But she was a dull child and did not quite understand just what was going on in her new surroundings—particularly in the classroom. She should have been able to get along in the sixth or seventh grade, but she had lost out when it came to reading; even the second reader aroused only a spasmodic interest as she recognized words she could really pronounce. But when they put in her hands a geography, and she realized she must study it, she just gave up, as any child would when told to do the impossible. And as for the multiplication table, she might have learned it had she known why. But she didn't and furthermore she was convinced she could not learn it anyhow; and, for that reason at all events, it was impossible. For, as psychologists tell us, the will to remember is a very important factor in learning, and one does not will to remember when it is perfectly clear to him that there is no use in trying.

And so Myrtle was discouraged. It was really more than that; it was a child's despair. She naturally wanted to get away from it all, and every day this drive to go somewhere became stronger and stronger. She did not know just where she wanted to go, but at all events and at all costs she wanted to go; and so one day she went.

The natural happened. She was found by a policeman and taken to a detention home. The orphan asylum did not want her back and the Catholic Charities allowed this case to go to the Juvenile Court and she was sentenced to a state institution for delinquents during minority. The case was closed, and all concerned felt satisfied that Myrtle was now properly cared for; and no one in the orphan asylum, nor any official anywhere, felt called upon, or ever did try, to do anything more for Myrtle.

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Myrtle was no idiot and no imbecile but a rather attractive little girl between thirteen and fourteen, capable of learning to read and write and becoming a respectable member of society, and would have done so had her parents lived.

In the state institution to which she was sent, education was conceived of as learning how to do housework; so the inmates were conveniently taught to take care of the institution. Commitment to that institution then meant, and I believe still means, the end of educational opportunities.

Years passed and the pretty little thirteen-year-old grew up in the company of prostitutes and thieves. There was and still is no official care of the religious training of Catholics in this institution. A priest, who is personally interested, says Mass when he can on one Sunday in the month and he interests some Catholic ladies in teaching religion to the girls there confined. As the girls approach twenty-one, an attempt is made to parole them as servants in some house; and when that mystic age is finally attained the girls must shift for themselves. The institution is not provided with an adequate follow-up service, and no Catholic organization feels called upon to do anything for Catholic children sent there.

And so in due time Myrtle was paroled and thrown on the world. The lady to whom she was paroled would occasionally look her up in after years. But what could be expected of an uneducated waif thrown on the sea of humanity? Delinquency and syphilis and final disappearance without the possibility of being traced are the closing chapters in the life history of Myrtle.

How many such children there are! And how little is done for them. I have spoken and written for so many years about the neglect of these children by Catholics that I wonder if it is possible in our day to awaken interest in these helpless souls. I remember once asking a wealthy Catholic lady to help me with this problem and received the answer: "If you asked me to help some bright pretty child I would certainly do so, but for these stupid little things I can do nothing."

How truly the words of Francis Thompson might be applied to the dull-minded child we condemn to poverty, delinquency and disease.

> Strange, piteous, futile thing,
> Wherefore should any set thee, love, apart?
> Seeing none but I makes much of naught.
> And human love needs human meriting:
> How hast thou merited—
> Of all man's clotted clay the dingiest clot?
> Alack, thou knowest not
> How little worthy of any love thou art!
> Whom wilt thou find to love ignoble thee
> Save Me, save only Me?

Some years ago, realizing by my clinical experience that something must be done for the backward girl to save her from the fate of Myrtle, I borrowed money and opened St. Gertrude's School of Arts and Crafts. It is located near the Catholic University, and should it prosper and grow, might become a center at which teachers could be trained for this important work as well as a school where some of these children could be saved from the fate that threatens them. We should be able to take any child that needs the special educational facilities that the school provides and lift her from the sense of failure and hopelessness which is bound to oppress the dull child who is maladjusted in school. But we have to take children who can pay and only occasionally can we say: this child must be at St. Gertrude's, even though she can pay nothing.

We have now about thirty children in our school, and for this little group we are doing what is not being done elsewhere. We are unable as yet to develop our school for training teachers for the backward child.

In the meantime, there are some 3,000,000 children in Catholic parish schools and orphan asylums. A conservative estimate would be that 1 percent of these children, that is, about 30,000, are unable to profit by the instruction as given in the ordinary grade, do not grasp the fundaments, and so cannot make progress in the upper grades.

What are we doing about the matter? It is in general true that: there is no provision made for teaching backward children in Catholic schools; the ordinary disposition of the backward child may be summed up under the following heading: (1) expel him, (2) let him sit as long as he will and if he patiently waits to the end give him a diploma anyhow. The final result is that at one stage or another the backward child is turned out uneducated, untrained, incapable of an honest means of making a living.

Naturally he becomes a delinquent. But who cares whether he does or not? The answer one gets when he raises the question is: we have enough to do to educate the normal child. The answer is only an excuse. We give millions for the relief of the poor. We throw thousands of dull-minded on the world every year to become poor and delinquent, all because we will not use intelligence and foresight in the prevention of poverty and crime resulting from casting on the world the untrained backward child. We keep on mopping up the water and will not stop the leak.

And in the meantime, as Catholics, we are interested in higher education, and rightly so; and in beautiful churches, and indeed we should be; and in the relief of poor families, and we must be; but the poor little thirteen-year-old girl who cannot make her grade, "the strange, piteous, futile thing"—is there no one to be found who will pity her future lot and so be like unto Christ Who alone makes much of naught?

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# HAIKU FOR SPEAKERS[1]

By EUPHEMIA VAN RENSSELAER WYATT

WHEN the mellow relaxation induced by delicately varied repletion is spiced with an epigram or flavored by a laugh, then after-dinner speeches are a fine art. They embellish the excuse which culture has contributed to mastication in raising nutrition to a ceremony. But when the course of civilization and digestion is challenged by a flood of verbiage which stultifies both spirit and circulation, then public speaking reverts to savagery. Happier indeed was that Neolithic gentleman who consumed his meat and gnawed his bone with limited vocabulary and no converse.

Henry James once mentioned "the beautiful economy of the drama"—he was thinking of it verbally. *Haiku* would certainly have made an appeal to that delicate parsimony of emotion that distinguished "Daisy Miller," but was later lost when James began checking over each splinter of passion. *Haiku* makes capital of the splinter. *Haiku* is a verse form practised in Japan since the thirteenth century, arriving at great importance about 1660. Hundreds of poets have studied it and so have thousands of readers for it is a distinctly cooperative art. Probably most educated Japanese have tried at least once in a lifetime to blow one clear *Haiku* bubble from the froth of emotion. It isn't easy: in a line of seventeen syllables one must express an idea, give it visual imagery, and point it with a touch of irony. Thus:

"Dew drops, limpid, small—
And such a lack of judgment shown
In where they fall!"

Here, Sòin (1660) has not only summarized a whole chapter of natural philosophy but with one noun has drawn a picture and suggested a miniature drama. "Dew drops summon to our eyes a spring morning, the clean perfection of nature, diamonds winking on the roses—but where else? Do you see them on that rusty can? The tramp's hat lying by the road? That new-dug grave? Or this:

"What piercing cold I feel!
My dead wife's comb in our bedroom,
Under my heel . . . ."

De Maupassant in a sentence.

*Haiku* is useful in social relations. When one's Great Aunt comes to tea and the denizens of the nursery, resentful over sudden ablutions and rehabilitation, are marshalled down to be inspected, instead of the ancient refrains of, "I can't believe that great thing over there is Little Johnny"—"When did Sally lose her teeth?"—Great Aunt in Japan remarks with impersonal emphasis:

"Oh, the world's odd ways!
Cherry blossoms left unwatched
Even for three days!"

With Basho, at the close of the seventeenth century, *Haiku* became lyrical.

"Here, on the mountain pass
Somehow they draw one's heart so—
Violets in the grass!"

or:

"Falling of the night
Upon the sea, and wild ducks' voices,
Shadowy, and white. . . ."

Our century discloses a love story by Seisetsu, who is passing by a little house with paper windows:

"Silhouettes! Behold!
They have melted into one—
The night is cold!"

There is one type of after-dinner speaker who particularly needs initiation into the art of *Haiku*. He is a large man with good lingual resonance, who begins to speak in a chatty colloquial way that elicits delighted laughs from his audience who had expected something quite different. But they had laughed too soon. Suddenly he straightens, his vocal cords swell, he clears his throat—and is off. One platitude rolls without effort into the next one and the next—and the next. But wouldn't it be an innovation if, instead of taking twenty minutes to tell his hearers and the radio audience that, "America is—America. . . . [1 minute] A great man is an inspiration to us and all Americans. . . . [3 minutes] A great man is with us tonight [biographical embellishments]. . . . [6 minutes] Great men owe much to their wives and their mother—and their party. . . . [5 minutes] God made America and Republicans [or Democrats]. . . . [2 minutes] We are Americans and Republicans [or Democrats]. . . . [2 minutes] Therefore America is America . . . [1 minute]," the speaker could with even more unction announce:

"Ohio—farmhouse, white—
Barefoot boy at work in garden,
Honored guest tonight."

Ohio sets the scene as American; the white farmhouse—which every great man always is so eager to leave—the precious symbol of patriotism; that the parents kept the old house so white is proof of their industrious qualities, and maternal authority efficiently applied is apparent in the fact that the little boy weeded the garden; that he also acquired shoes which brought him to the city demonstrates the push, vigor and determination that marks him as a Republican (or Democrat) and clinches the fact that Ohio is America, etc.; etc. This is what those skilled in *Haiku* would at once read into the words.

*Haiku* would also dispense with the paraphernalia so destructive of optimism in the listeners—a sheaf of notes. The academic speaker is partial to them. It would seem more than fair if in a pause in a flow of erudition, a suffering audience could shout in unison:

"As I said before,
'Don't—we know what you've forgot:
'Ph.D. spells bore.' "

[1] Suggested by "The Bamboo Broom. An Introduction to Japanese Haiku," by Harold Gould Henderson, who occupies the chair of Japanese literature at Columbia University. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

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# Seven Days' Survey

*The Church.*—Large gatherings in many parts of England marked the four hundredth anniversary of the martyrdoms of Saint Thomas More and Saint John Fisher. At Beverley, Yorkshire, the birthplace of Saint John Fisher, 10,000 persons heard a Mass celebrated by the Bishop of Middlesbrough; 35,000 assisted at Mass on the site of the new Liverpool Cathedral; 10,000 attended the open-air pontifical Mass at Canterbury. * * * David Alvestegui, new Ambassador of Bolivia to the Holy See, in presenting his credentials thanked the Holy Father for his assistance in bringing about an armistice in the Chaco war and his mediation which led Paraguay to return wounded Bolivians to their native land. * * * The seventeenth annual meeting of the Franciscan Educational Conference at Garrison, New York, July 1-3, discussed as its general theme, "A Program of Social Progress"; it was attended by more than fifty delegates representing Franciscan schools of sociology from coast to coast. Social studies were also the chief topic of the eighteenth annual convention of the National Benedictine Educational Association at Conception, Missouri. * * * Reverend Basil Mazurowski, O. F. M., recently marked the twenty-fifth anniversary of his invaluable temporal and spiritual work among German, Lithuanian, Polish, Ruthenian and Slovak emigrants at the port of Rotterdam. He has established a library for them and seen to it that the boats of the Holland-American line are furnished with Mass-kits. Even today with curtailed emigration Father Mazurowski acts as interpreter and adviser to 3,000 Central Europe emigrants each year. * * * Dr. Lang, Anglican Archbishop of Canterbury, in a cordial message of welcome to Archbishop Hinsley of Westminster declared, "Our differences lie deep, but that is no reason why they should interrupt and every reason why they should strengthen our common desire to promote the cause of the Christian religion and welfare of the people of this country." * * * The Diocesan Council of Catholic Men has decided to provide Catholic books in public libraries throughout the Diocese of Toledo, Ohio.

*The Nation.*—Destructive floods, brutal hot weather and confusion in Congress made uncomfortable, to say the least, the atmosphere in which survivors in the nation struggled. Over forty deaths in floods in upstate New York, five deaths and maybe more in Pennsylvania and a menace from swollen streams in Maryland, brought to the eastern United States a replica of similar disasters recently in the West. * * * Representative Brewster of Maine shouted "liar" at R.F.C. Attorney Corcoran before a House committee which had been hastily appointed to investigate both administration and utility companies' lobbying for and against the "death sentence" provision in the Utility Holding Company bill. Charges and counter-charges were heated and throwing a fitful light on the important matters at issue. * * * A long-standing feud between rival political factions and authorities in the Virgin Islands led to a demand by Secretary Ickes for the removal of United States District Judge T. Webber Wilson. The Secretary attacked the manner in which a Senate investigating committee had probed the administration of Governor Paul M. Pearson. Senator Millard E. Tydings, chairman of the investigating group, replied hotly. * * * Surrounded by this sultry atmosphere, fourteen House leaders were closeted with the President for two and a half hours. When they emerged, it was announced that the previous administration list of bills that must be passed at the present session of Congress had been curtailed to an expedient list. Legislation involving the proposed new tax program and legislation defending the administration in abrogating the gold clause in governmental contracts was said to be imperative for the present session. Heading the expedient list were the Guffey Coal Control Bill, the T.V.A. amendments, federal regulation of bus and truck operations in interstate commerce, amendments to the Bankruptcy Act to aid railroad reorganization and a permanent set-up of the Federal Alcohol Administration. The Banking Bill and the security measures were considered well along the way to completion. Congressional adjournment by the middle of August was hoped for.

*The Wide World.*—Austria all but adopted a measure making it quite proper for the Hapsburgs to return home and resume ownership of landed estates taken away from them seventeen years ago. It was probable that the family would receive an additional indemnity of 10,000,000 schilling. The Archduke Otto was said to be ready for the journey from Belgium, but there was a great flutter of excitement in the "succession states" and Rumania. Jugoslavian leaders seemed particularly excited; and in Prague, where the battle between the Czechs and the German minority has been raging fiercely again, some people talked excitedly of war. But the chances are excellent that Otto could put on a crown quietly enough, in view of the political stalemate imposed on all Europe by Germany's rearming. * * * Speaking at Salerno to a contingent of troops, Mussolini uttered words as martial as the cannon on which he stood: "We have decided upon a struggle in which we, as a government and a people, will not turn back. The decision is irretrievable." Il Duce referred to the defeat inflicted years ago by Abyssinian warriors on an Italian force, and blamed it on "democracy" which had been far more interested in parliamentary squabbles than in the soldier. Emperor Haile Selassie I appealed to the League of Nations and to the United States. President Roosevelt answered his note, and said that the existence of the Pact of Paris made it difficult for Americans to believe that either Italy or Ethiopia "would resort to other than pacific means." * * * Russia took a hand in the Far East. Alleg-

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ing that concentration of an enlarged German fleet in the Baltic Sea and a number of strange phenomena in Finland indicated that Hitler might be planning an attack on Leningrad, Moscow protested that Japanese activities along the border of Manchukuo looked suspicious and might have grave consequences. The nerves of official Tokyo did not appear to be greatly affected by the news. * * * Nazi hostility to Catholicism was marked by a series of events. In the Saar Basin, Commissioner Burchel made a savage attack on the Youth organizations. Prayer was all right, he admitted, but held that it was unnecessary to wear a special uniform in order to pray. Wearing that uniform was, as a matter of fact, forbidden in several German districts, notably Baden. The old and weird feud against Professor Friedrich Dessauer broke out anew. The funds still credited to his account in Frankfurt were confiscated.

* * * *

*Taxes.*—Even in the present stifling weather of Washington, taxes, maintaining their immemorial reputation, have persisted on the "must" program before Congress. Five types of taxes have been proposed by the administration: inheritance, gift, income surtax, graduated corporation, and taxes on dividends received by corporations. An unsettled question is how much these are planned as income producers for the government and how much as a redistribution of wealth and power and as a means to reduce the size of business units. At first the President's proposals were greeted as a social message, looking for reform and redistribution, but later statements, especially those by Secretary Morgenthau, spoke only of securing revenues. Secretary Morgenthau presented twenty-eight schedules for the taxes mentioned above, which would bring to the Treasury from $118,000,000 to $901,500,000, and he refused to recommend any particular schedules, insisting that Congress take responsibility for the tax rates. He said he believed the emergency has passed and that the government must look to reducing the national debt. This would make the tax proposals a conservative measure, while it was greeted by conservatives as a demagogic rifling of Senator Long's radical dossier. The Secretary of the Treasury recommended persistently that the income from the new taxes be ear-marked for a reduction in borrowing and then of the debt burden, ruling out any new type of appropriation (presumably the bonus). He predicted that "in two or three or perhaps four years" the budget would be balanced so that debt reduction could commence. Senator Vandenberg, attacking the sudden projection of the tax issue and describing the administration program as "not even a good soap-box formula," pointed out, nevertheless, that money is needed, since for a year "every passing minute of the day and night" $13,812 has been paid out of the Federal Treasury.

*Mexican Developments.*—Reports from Mexico City indicate that Catholics are beginning to seek their rights in an organized fashion. Recent demonstrations were held at Aguascalientes, Culiacan in the state of Sonora, and elsewhere. In some cases the petitioners were treated with courtesy by government officials. Meanwhile at Washington, D. C., President Roosevelt discussed the Mexican question at length with a delegation of prominent members of the Knights of Columbus, who urged him to follow precedents in other years when the United States protested against the treatment of religious minorities in Russia, Rumania, Turkey and Spain. At the Institute of Public Affairs at the University of Virginia, Reverend R. A. McGowan declared that the present government program entails a breaking up of the large estates in favor of small ownership with credit, marketing and consumers' cooperatives; (2) government supervision of collective bargaining to guarantee certain minimum standards of labor with protective labor legislation; (3) "government regulation of oil and mining concessions, including ownership by the government of the sub-soil deposits themselves"; (4) the development of industry that is Mexican-owned and administered rather than the enterprises of foreigners. Father McGowan compared this projected program with that adopted by the National Confederation of Catholic Workingmen's Circles in 1913: "The graver differences are all to be found in the methods. They involve the issues of confiscation of estates, of violence, of the relative speed of act, and of the intellectual and moral training necessary. These issues are fundamental and, as I see it, are the sole points in conflict between the Catholic attitude and the main lines of the social part of the Mexican revolution. . . ."

*A Spanish Bishop on Corporations.*—The Most Reverend Leopoldo Eijo y Garay, Bishop of Madrid, became a member of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences on July 1 and gave a talk on "Juridical Personality, the Fundamental Idea and Rights which the State Must Respect." In a country dominated by people who claim to believe in a "corporate state" and harassed by Fascist groups who desire to suppress the syndicates and abrogate the rights of association and corporation, this address, explaining a corporate idea and disassociating it from Fascism, aroused enormous interest. "The danger of the new policy of a corporate state would lie in the fact that the corporations would not sincerely reflect society but would be the creatures of political parties." Bishop Eijo warned that oppression is now the order of the day and if new corporations are forged and molded by political parties, the outcome will be as unfortunate as has been that of a misinterpreted universal suffrage. The State should not form the corporations, because then they would correspond to a political rather than a social type; but the State should only protect and maintain them. He deplored the French Revolution which determined constitutionally the rights of the individual while at the same time it dealt a mortal blow to the collective personality, "denying and robbing it with a lamentable reaction in the juridical order." The doctrine that today denies the natural rights of the individual proceeds from a violent reaction because of the destruction of the internal texture of the State, brought about by the Revolution. Juristic personality, the Bishop

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added, is not a mere creation of the State; on the contrary, it is rather the recognition and declaration by positive law of an extension of the human personality. A new State cannot be organized so long as we do not have a new society.

*Something for the Classroom.*—From the Oxford University Press comes a real novelty which well merits a headline here. The brochure—price $1—is by an anonymous author and offers a brief outline of the history of the Popes in Latin hexameters. Brevity is sometimes the soul of wit; and this "Series Episcoporum Romanae Ecclesiae" is really often surprisingly expressive within the narrow limits assigned. Marginal notes supply all the years of accession, so that the scholar who used the little book in Latin class would enjoy keeping it around as a reference book for later years. Here is a passage over which the Latinist can, we think, ponder to his delight:

"Praesens est hodie Pius, undecimusque Piorum,
Et bonus et sapiens, audax condescendere montes;
Insignem referens Laterano foedere laudem,
Maximus in sacris minimae rex imperat urbi.
Bodleiana olim, te Vaticana vacantem
Saepe bonis studiis, studiosis vidit amicum.
Non indigno Petro, vivas valesaque precamur."

It seems a pity not to offer a translation (however bad), especially since THE COMMONWEAL would doubtless circulate more widely if it could be used as a "pony." But we shall append instead what our author has written about the inevitable Alexander VI:

"Protinus octavum Insontem virtutis egentem
Sextus Alexander sequitur non sanctior hilo,
Borgia, perpetuis vox intestabilis annis."

*New Einstein Theory.*—Dr. Albert Einstein in the current number of the *Physical Review,* published by the American Physical Society and the American Institute of Physics, reports that he has a new theory of the universe which will link the rules of relativity and the quantum theory into one comprehensive system. In his new hypothesis, space is envisioned as "two identical sheets joined by many bridges"; a new particle of matter "without gravitating mass," an electrical atom which weighs nothing, is discovered to be "the most natural electrical particle"; thus electricity and mass are found to be not related and are independent constants in nature. In this manner the general theory of relativity which showed that space and time are one, time being the fourth dimension completing the familiar spacial dimensions, including gravity, and which explained the macrocosm but explained nothing of the structure of the atom, is synthesized with the quantum theory which has explained a great many atomic and quantum phenomena but failed to embrace the relativity-governed universe with its stars, constellations and galaxies. A dualistic explanation of the total universe results, with atoms with mass but no electric charge and others with electric charge but no mass, the former a "body" and the latter a "soul," which can be joined in the active elements of protons, electrons and positrons which have both "body" and "soul." Dr. Einstein gives credit to the assistance of Drs. Rosen and Mayer and says that much remains to be done to completely substantiate and round out the theory.

* * * *

*The Labor Disputes Law.*—With two pens, one of which was to be presented to Senator Wagner of New York and the other to William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, President Roosevelt signed the Wagner-Connery Labor Disputes Bill, July 5. The new law states that employers must deal with representatives elected by the majority of the workers, although minority representatives will also have an opportunity to present their grievances. Among the unfair practises forbidden by the act are interference with this right to organize, company-dominated unions, discriminations against employees because of union affiliations or for testifying or filing charges under the act. The law also sets up a new National Labor Relations Board, a quasi-judicial board of three members designed, in the words of the President, "to hear and determine cases in which this legal right [self-organization of industrial employees for the purposes of collective bargaining] is abridged or denied and to hold fair elections to ascertain who are the chosen representatives of the employees. . . . A better relationship between labor and management is the purpose of this act. . . . By preventing practises which tend to destroy the independence of labor, it seeks, for every worker within its scope, that freedom of choice and action which is justly his. . . . It may eventually eliminate one major cause of labor disputes but it will not stop all labor disputes." One clause in the new law states that it "is applicable only when violation of the legal right of independent self-organization would burden or obstruct interstate commerce." It is held that tests of the constitutionality of the Wagner Act will revolve around this clause.

*Negroes in the A. F. of L.*—Grave warnings that if Negroes are excluded from the American Federation of Labor, they will be rapidly absorbed by the Communist and other anti-A. F. of L. organizations, were delivered before a special committee at federation headquarters in Washington. This committee was formed following demands at the federation's last national convention that unions barring Negroes be disciplined and that Negro organizers be employed to enlist Negro workers in the federation. One investigator described the unwillingness of local and international unions to accept Negroes and mentioned various artifices employed to prevent Negro locals from joining the unions with which they should be affiliated according to various resolutions adopted by the federation since 1917. Further resolution passing was futile, he said, and endorsed the appointment of Negro organizers and a campaign of education on trade union aims among Negroes. Mr. John B. Davis, executive secretary of the Joint Committee on National Recovery, advocated an educational campaign for solidarity among both black and white workers.

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# The Screen

By GRENVILLE VERNON

## *Love Me Forever*

WHEN one sees the enormous audiences which attend each showing of "Love Me Forever," one begins to wonder if perhaps after all the movies may not prove the salvation of opera; not by giving opera on the screen, but by forming a new public desirous of hearing in reality the singers it has heard on the screen. If this should happen, the singer will once again take his or her place as the corner-stone of lyric drama. It will at all events be interesting to watch what happens at the box-office of the Metropolitan Opera House next winter when Miss Grace Moore is on the bill, to watch whether the scenes recently witnessed when Miss Moore sang at Covent Garden will be repeated in New York. These scenes proved that Miss Moore had through her singing on the screen obtained a London audience which had hitherto known nothing about grand opera and probably had cared less, and staid Covent Garden saw an irruption of the populace which must indeed have startled its aristocratic stones.

There can be little question that recent years have seen a distinct dimunition of public interest in grand opera. One by one the opera organizations of the country have closed their doors or shortened their seasons. People have blamed the radio, the movies, a dozen other things; it will be odd if the radio and the movies take an ironic revenge on their detractors by combining to save the very art they have been charged with destroying. Yet opera was originally created for the singer, and if the singer should be the instrument through which opera is revivified it will be quite as it ought to be, and if Miss Grace Moore should be the first of these singers her name will be called blessed!

It is to be hoped, however, that Miss Moore will appear in more interesting films than "Love Me Forever." The story is that of a singer beloved by a gambler, who rises to the heights through the gambler's belief and encouragement, and who finally finds she loves him and not the young society man from Boston. The variations of this theme have been, are, and always will be innumerable, and the Victor Schertzinger-Jo Swerling-Sidney Buchman version is a very average version indeed. But it is none the less a version that the public seems to love, and Miss Moore sings very prettily and acts well enough. We have glimpses of the Metropolitan and arias from "La Bohème." And the public applauds vigorously the arias and gives every evidence of wanting to have more. More will undoubtedly be provided in later pictures, with arias from other operas, and when 10,000,000 or 15,000,000 people have heard them there is reason to hope that many of them will want to hear the operas themselves. And this is why "Love Me Forever" may very well be of an importance that transcends its intrinsic merit. As I have said, Miss Moore sings and acts prettily. Leo Carrillo as Steve Corelli, the gambler, doesn't sing, but he gives a dramatic impersonation of unusual merit, and admirable impersonations are also given by Spring Byington, Douglas Dumbrille, Thurston Hall and Luis Alberni. (At Radio City Music Hall.)

## *Escapade*

"ESCAPADE" is rather a vehicle than a self-sustaining film. It is a vehicle to display the really unusual abilities of a young Viennese actress, Luise Rainer, whose manner is strikingly like that of Elisabeth Bergner, and who unless all signs fail is presently due to take a leading position in the film world. Miss Rainer has, too, an asset which Bergner does not possess—beauty of face and figure. In "Escapade" she runs the gamut of emotions, and runs it superbly. In the beginning, as the companion of the worldly Countess, she possesses pathos; meeting the painter, she knows coquetry, whimsicality, feminine charm, abandon; later on, when the painter is wounded, she shows a mastery of more poignant emotions—terror, desperation, all-forgetting love. In fact no young actress of recent years has shown a more assured touch, a greater authority and poise, a richer personality, than this young woman from Vienna. Moreover she gives a hint at least of the possession of deeper things, and if the screen doesn't kill them by forcing her to appear in trashy films and to express entirely obvious emotions, she ought to go far.

It is indeed a pity that her producers should have chosen such a confused play to launch her before American audiences. That the play has merit is true, but after the first admirable twenty minutes it gets entangled in a labyrinth of plot and counter-plot until we don't know exactly what it is all about. Of course it gives Miss Rainer an opportunity to laugh and cry and flirt and suffer, and despair, but how much more effective it all would be if the meaning of it were clear!

"Escapade" is the product of many cooks. It was originally a German story by Walter Reisch entitled "Masquerade." Then it was made a screen play by Herman J. Mankiewicz, with a score written for it by Bronislaw Kaper and Walter Jurman, with lyrics by Gus Kahn and Harold Adamson. And finally it was directed by Robert Z. Leonard. Aside from Miss Rainer's performance the honors go to Reginald Owen for his magnificently humorous impersonation of Paul, the musician, to Frank Morgan for his incisive portrait of a Viennese physician, to Mady Christians for her distinguished acting of the physician's wife, and to Laura Hope Crews for her delicious portrayal of the elderly Countess. As for William Powell, he is William Powell, and though he bears the stamp of New York rather than Vienna, he plays neatly and with feeling. In short, the producers have done for the play all that can be done as far as production and acting go. The faults lie in the play itself. And those who love the theatre must have a sense of sadness in contemplating the wealth of acting ability wasted and worse than wasted. What these splendid artists could do for the legitimate drama if only Hollywood would give them an occasional vacation for an opening on Broadway! (At the Capitol Theatre.)

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# Communications

## SLOVAKIA—WHITHER BOUND?

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: In his attempt to explain, with unconvincing citations from sources wholly incongruous to the situation, Mr. Josef Hanc, Vice Consul to the Czechoslovak Consulate General, in your issue of June 7, proceeds, in reply to my communication in THE COMMONWEAL of April 5, to justify the ill-treatment of the Slovak people within the Czechoslovak Republic by taking refuge behind the Pittsburgh Pact, when in truth and reality the said pact has never existed. The Pittsburgská Dohoda (Pittsburgh Pact) was encouraged, endorsed with signature, then nullified by President Masaryk immediately upon his return to Europe and the throne which he now occupies. The Pittsburgh agreement was concluded in 1918, and when in 1922 it was recalled to Masaryk that none of its major provisions had yet been carried out, his reply was that "the Slovaks had been given all the freedom (?) they fought for." This gesture, coming from the President of the Czechoslovak Republic, reduced the Pittsburgh Pact to the level of the proverbial "scrap of paper"—so far, of course, as Prague was concerned. Yet Masaryk's subordinates and the hand-picked officials of his administration—some of them Slovaks—persist in leading the world to believe that the Pittsburgh Pact, as such, grants, instead of rejects, their right to interference with the national affairs of Slovakia. When this assumed right of Czech overlordship is taken to task, justification for its existence is interpreted either through the frequent use of the words "absurd" and "misleading," or pointless arguments that lead to obscure and insignificant technicalities, avoiding the principles based upon logic and facts.

Does the Constitution of the Czechoslovak Republic or the provisions contained in the minor Czech and Slovak "Pacts" and "Agreements" authorize the Czechs to hold absolute rule over Slovakia? It does not. There is no such agreement between the two peoples! The Constitution provides and the various Agreements including the Pittsburgh Pact emphasize that the national, religious and racial rights of the Slovak people are to be fully guaranteed. One of those rights, which the Pittsburgh Pact provides, namely that "Slovakia shall have its own administration, its own parliament and its own court of justice," has never been upheld by the Czechs.

The Slovak people, as such, are not being represented in the national parliament and senate in Prague, for the Slovak People's party, which is the Autonomous party of Father Hlinka and the only real Slovak party in Slovakia, had refrained from joining Prague on several occasions due to non-fulfilment of the above-mentioned guarantee.

With reference to the age-old Czechish claim to the effect that the Slovak language is similar to the Czech language, there can only be one explanation. Slovak and Czech are kindred languages as are, let us say, the Polish and Slovak, Serb and Bulgar, or Italian and Spanish.

The whole turn of things with regards to the Czechs and Slovaks within the Czchoslovak Republic reminds us of old Hungary and the time when a strong policy of Magyarization was carried on to make the Slovaks forget their ancestry and heritage; the purpose was to create a unified Hungary. That policy failed with the failure of Hungarian arms. The suppressed Slovaks suddenly became the strong enemy on the borders of a sadly contracted Hungary. Will the Czechs in their dream for a unified "Bohemia" or "Czechoslovakia" give heed to the various protests of the Slovaks? Or will they continue to rebuke and scoff at them, increasing their suffering, bitterness and regret?

STEPHEN J. PALIČKÁR.

## ECONOMIC PLANNING

Cincinnati, Ohio.

TO the Editor: Back in the bad old days, when the stupid Republicans were muffing every ball, Father Coughlin was eulogizing Galileo, "inquisitioning" the Inquisition, accusing the Pharisees of handling money and pillorying Alfred Smith for fondling gold. Unpopular indeed was the fellow who protested against these theatrical derogations. I opposed him because I thought that many of the plans would surely succeed—knowing what Minnie and Jake were like for the shape they were in.

Now, I am almost tempted to go to his defense. The very fellows who saw eye to eye with him, and saw no further, and whose economic theories paralleled his crisscrossing and overlapping proposals, suddenly shout condemnation on the whole business because they discern failure in the offing. Pragmatism is still the great god. Yet the danger from the little flower was that it might seed and sprout. Now that it is going to wither and die, let's at least grant it peace in its declining (e)motions. It has been, surely, a lively and spirited inconsequential.

Besides, there is another and more dangerous ogre at the door. A chap with a button bursts into a tenement. He sometimes removes his hat before he asks, "Buddy, is there a furnace in this building?" The answer, "No," brings on the question, "But you ought to have a furnace"; and if the honest tenant reminds the informer that that is the landlord's business, the more progressive question is put, "Let me tell him that you insist on having a furnace?" At this point, the tenant usually wants to know whence this great philanthropy, and he finds out that a Poor Relief or Vocational Guidance Conference or some other paternalistic racket is responsible for not only the chap, but the tin button and the brass manners.

The next day, another chap with a button—this time the census taker—comes and asks among a thousand other questions: "What is your hobby, and how much a year do you spend on it?"

You see—if we are going to have economic planning, it will have to work both ways. The mines, the farms and the factories will not only have to produce so little, but you and I, dear consumer, will have to buy precisely so much. Democrats! In the name of democracy, where are you leading us?

ARTHUR J. CONWAY.

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# Books

## Modern Science for the Layman

*New Pathways in Science, by Sir Arthur Eddington. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.00.*

SIR ARTHUR EDDINGTON'S scientific erudition joined with his ability to translate the symbolism of astrophysics into understandable language, has produced another masterly popular presentation of a difficult, thought-provoking subject. The present volume contains the Messenger Lectures delivered at Cornell University in 1934, with a few additions. Each chapter stands by itself but there is a general continuity of subject and the theme is further unified by a common philosophical undercurrent.

The major part of the book depicts modern physics and astrophysics. It emphasizes the development of statistical laws and the ejection of causal law from its place at the foundation of physics; the principal of indeterminacy; probability; the source of sub-atomic energy; the limits of space; and the expanding universe. These are all hard topics to treat lightly, but mathematical symbols are reduced to a minimum and analogies are freely used. The beginning and the end of the book are both more purely philosophical, and the seemingly impossible conclusions are made plausible by the author's keen epistemological insight.

Probably the layman's chief interest in modern physics centers about the divergence between the familiar aspect of the world and the physicist's picture of it. The author reminds him that the latter is a symbolic construction.

The chief difficulty in understanding this symbolic world arises because macroscopic physics, concerned with the world of every-day experience, finds the "common sense" or classical view of the universe sufficiently true. Since it deals with coarse structures composed of enormous quantities of sub-atomic units, the law of averages and probability hold sway. But the new, sub-atomic physics precipitates us against ideas that instinctively appear to contradict experience because man's unaided sense apparatus never transmits to his consciousness the sorts of messages that modern physical apparatus transmits. These messages appear to do violence to common sense simply because they are beyond the experience upon which this "common sense" view is based.

The "reality" which initiates the messages that our senses bring us would send other messages to a being lacking our particular senses but as fully endowed with a totally different set. The same reality which appears to us as an apple would appear to him as something that we cannot imagine. So the subjective element enters into every picture that our consciousness forms.

This view is too nearly subjective to satisfy the Neo-Realist philosophers who infer a realm of sensory qualities with an independent existence outside of individual minds. But that concept is even more intangible than the scientific inference of an objective reality which initiates messages that become transformed in the process of knowing. Eddington approaches subjectivism while

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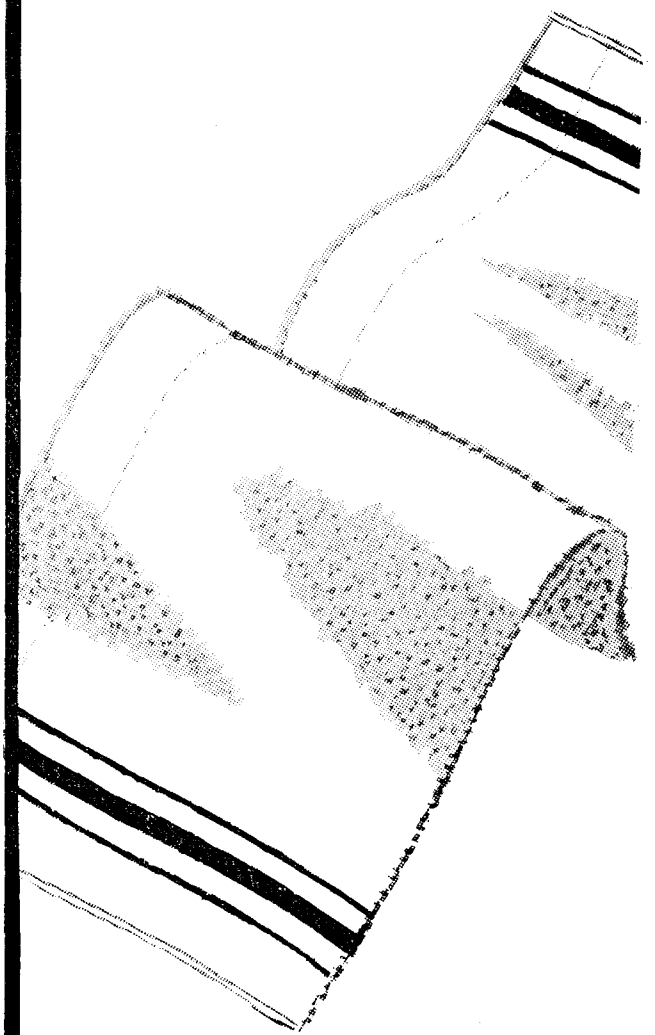

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retaining a firm grasp on objectivism, and thereby avoids the pitfalls of both.

The present trend of physical science is too important to be ignored by the scientific layman. Many details may be but passing phases, but its fundamental emancipation from the chains of determinism sets physics free to search for the ultimate truth. Every man must care if those of his kind best trained to decipher the physical aspect of the universe return the verdict that there is no place in it for God or free will. He may agree, or he may be convinced that they are wrong, but he cannot blink the fact that the philosophy and much of the theology of coming generations will be colored by such conclusions.

Eddington does not affirm that either religion or free will can be adduced from modern physics, but he shows that certain difficulties in the way of a reconciliation have been removed. Furthermore he disproves the statement that the indeterminist claims omniscience. He has merely opened a door long shut and is humbled by a vision which the determinist says must be illusory. The author does not know determinism is false: he merely says that it is not the basis of modern physics. The principal of indeterminacy, as now constituted, may go the way of other scientific principles, but the data of science will always be obtained by means of instruments constituted after the fashion of the things which they are measuring. Their evidence must, therefore, be prejudiced.

"What is the ultimate truth about ourselves?" To Sir Arthur Eddington the fundamental answer is, "We are that which asks the question!" He is justly impressed by an organism that cares about the truth and wonders at its own existence. Mind is the only thing that really can be known and the apparatus of science helps us not one whit to know it. In the author's words: "It is by looking into our own nature that we first discover the failure of the physical universe to be coextensive with our experience of reality. The 'Something to which truth matters' must surely have a place in reality whatever definition of reality we may adopt." And again: "The strange association of soul and body—of responsibility toward truth with a particular group of carbon compounds—is a problem in which we naturally feel intense interest; but it is not an anxious interest, as though the existence of a spiritual significance of experience were hanging in the balance. That significance is to be regarded rather as a datum of the problem; and the solution must fit the data; we must not alter the data to fit an alleged solution."

WILLIAM M. AGAR.

## For the Tercentenary

*The New Haven Colony, by Isabel MacBeath Calder. New Haven: Yale University Press.* $3.50.

ASSISTANT PROFESSOR CALDER of Wells College has developed a doctoral dissertation written under the guidance of Professor C. M. Andrews of Yale University into an authorative, documented, definitive research-volume which sympathetically treats the foundation of the New Haven plantation of Christ's

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kingdom on Long Island Sound until that venture lost its identity in absorption with Connecticut. Unlike her predecessors in the field, Miss Calder has searched the British records with the result that she contributes considerable material concerning the English background of not only John Davenport and Theophilus Eaton but of the lesser-known planters along the Quinnipiac. Davenport's early career is quite interesting: his patronage appointment to the rectorship of St. Stephen's Church, London, his repudiation of Puritanism, his loss of a living when the Laudian William Juxon became Bishop of London, his days in Amsterdam, and his final journey to the Bay Colony where he and Eaton fell under the influence of John Cotton and the Congregational way of religion and politics. Slightly disillusioned by religious factionism, "many families" sailed from Massachusetts to the Quinnipiac where two years later they founded New Haven (1640).

In New Haven and its neighboring settlements, the covenanted founders were too contented to accept Cromwell's invitation to remove to Galway in Ireland or his suggestion of a new home in Jamaica in the West Indies. The economic and social life of the colony is detailed in a good study of education and accounts of merchants, shipbuilders, trade, farming, ordinaries, persecuted Quakers and regicides. Difficulties were few and non-conformists were scarce in the two decades of the colony's self-government or rather rule by ministers and godly men.

RICHARD J. PURCELL.

## Years of Literary Originality

*Harriet Prescott Spofford, by Elizabeth K. Halbeisen. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press.* $2.50.

MISS HALBEISEN has written a book that is a pleasant blend of social history, literary criticism, and interesting biography. Harriet Prescott was born in Calais, Maine, April 3, 1835; knew the difficulties of poverty during her early life; felt the relief of success with her first story, "In a Cellar," that appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly,* February, 1859; published her first novel, "Sir Rohan's Ghost," in 1860; married Richard S. Spofford in 1865, a versatile lawyer, important in the activities of his profession from Bangor, Maine, to Washington, D. C.; continued her literary work without interruption until 1920; became acquainted through her gift of friendship with most of the literary, legal, political and social figures of her day, and died at eighty-six.

"The Amber Gods" (1863) and "Azarian" (1864) were richly romantic, in the fictional mode of their time, without, however, the deadening weight of baroque glamor that has sunk most of the novels of the period into oblivion. Good sense and good writing saved her from excess. She never followed the literary fashion; her importance is that she helped create it. "The Elder's People" (1920), her last collection of short stories, is genuinely realistic, with a tinge of surviving Romanticism, to free it from repulsive dregs. She preserved "an enduring individuality." In the history of American fiction her fame is secure and deserved. DANIEL S. RANKIN.


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The Catholic Medical Mission Board considers that it has been doing a real service to its friends in recommending them to invest in charity to the sick, not only for the merit they will gain, but for the immense good that can be done through such generosity. We have frequently mentioned the remarkable Medical Mission Kits which can be sent for a donation of $30.00, but which represent nearly ten times that amount of actual value to the missionaries, as countless letters from the mission field attest.

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## Briefer Mention

*Back to Work, by Harold L. Ickes. New York: The Macmillan Company.* $2.50.

THE PUBLIC WORKS ADMINISTRATION, according to this thoroughly interesting account of its administrator, was an important new venture in one respect and a meager continuation of old and trite action in a more important respect. "The idea back of this act, new in our national policy, was that Congress should appropriate a lump sum and turn it over to the President, who, through a Public Works Administrator, might spend it according to a national need and a national plan, without regard to politics." Mr. Ickes convinces the reader that, in this, P.W.A. was eminently successful. In its immense construction, however, it has given little new to America. "In the boom years of the decade prior to 1929 between $10,000,000,000 and $15,000,000,000 a year were expended in this country for improvements of the same general type the P.W.A. was expected to finance. . . . Although the amounts of money available for public works up to April 1, 1935, have been approximately $3,760,000,000, only about $2,506,050,000 have been allocated for construction projects." Economically, P.W.A. was a substitute program which could not be expected to create prosperity, although it gave 109,600,000 man-weeks of employment.

*A Saint in the Slave Trade, by Arnold Lunn. New York: Sheed and Ward.* $2.50.

THIS powerful study of the life of Saint Peter Claver (1581-1654) is a juxtaposition of hagiography and apologetics. "Claver's life was a miracle of love." No task was too arduous for this exuberant Jesuit missionary who slept but three hours a night and labored in Colombia for thirty-eight years on a diet consisting solely of bread and fried potatoes. Peter Claver kissed the sores of Negro slaves whose diseases were so repulsive that they were shunned even by their fellow unfortunates. He thereby restored their self-esteem and convinced them of God's abounding love for the most miserable of His creatures. At the same time he waged a continuous struggle with his own lower nature which instinctively shrank from these most "disgusting sights and smells." Interwoven in this heroic story, which heightens one's understanding of sanctity, are pointed observations by Mr. Lunn, who is best known as a brilliant dialectician.

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